

September 14, 1947

Angora Peak Trip

Awake at 6 a.m. and what a beautiful day for a trip to the summit of Angora Peak, perfectly clear tho a little hazy at the horizon. You know it usually rains or at least sprinkles a little if anyone plans on making this trip.

I arrive a little ahead of schedule at Charlie Johnson's and find him not quite prepared so I wait for him to finish his breakfast. We still get away to a good start at about 7:15 a.m. as had previously been planned.

On arriving at Arch Cape Tunnel only a very few minutes were required to swing on our light packs, mine containing only lunch, small camera and accessories, hatchet, matches, compass, altimeter, drinking cup, a little first aid material and a sweater which I should have left behind as it was useless on such a fine day. Charlie's was of about the same bulk.

The old post road which we have always followed for about .8 mile is giving way to a logging road and has been obliterated for about a quarter mile but we had no trouble in finding the old one at the end of the new.

We left the road at what we thought to be the usual point and after fighting brush for a short distance, crossed the creek on an old brush covered log. At this point the hard work began as the east side of the ravine is quite steep for a few hundred feet to the top of the ridge which leads to Little Angora. Soon we found an old line of trail blazes and we decided to freshen them up and make prominent ones on the east side of the trees so they would be easy to follow on the return.

At 9:40 a.m. after 1 hour, 50 minutes climbing and cutting blazes, we stood on the very point of Little Angora. Elevation 1350 feet. There was much work ahead so our stop was made short. From this point to the lower end of the big rock ledge, every tree that was handy to our line of march received two blazes, I cutting the one on the east side and Charlie cutting the one on the west side.

The route up the back and top of the rock ledge was taken, but the route along the base of the rock, then up the chute is recommended to any future climbers. This rock is at elevation 1650 feet and we arrived at 10:35 a.m., 50 minutes from Little Angora. At the spring or very small stream which is near the top of the rock chute, a short stop for refreshment was made, then the climbing and trail blazing was continued. We arrived at the high point near the south view point, elevation 2450 feet, just as the noon whistle blew. A few minutes later we were down on the open rock ledge, elevation 2375 feet; eating our dry lunches, washed down with the juice of one small orange.

The rest, while eating and taking a couple photographs as proof of our success, sort of revived our ambition and we took off again toward the main summit, elevation 2800 feet, and at a distance estimated at $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. The general view from the summits was only fair as the air was quite hazy in the distance. Charlie took some compass readings for map checking which makes the trip profitable.

Up the steep part of the main summit we had cut about 75 blazes but we learned later that we did not start cutting soon enough, and it cost us a half hour of time and some hard work. The reward was seeing some new country, tho I had seen most of it once before under similar circumstances.

The developement of a sort of "charlie horse" in my left knee greatly handicapped ~~me~~ for most of the return. The south ledge was passed without stopping and our 623 blazes did a wonderful job of guiding us back to the ravine at the creek. Here, in a few hundred feet due to the amount of brush and windfalls which we had to detour around, the course was lost for a short time. The creek crossing was made in due time however and a westerly course taken to find the post road. It seemed to have completely vanished. Had some one rolled it up and taken it away? The sun was getting low. We could hear the breakers clearly. "It can't be very far out if we continue westward tho the way is over tangles of large logs." "Look, Charlie! there is the road down there to the right, we must have crossed it without noticing it, now we

are practically out."

After following the road for some distance we thought it did not look quite like it had in the morning but anyway it was a fair trail and would get us where we were going. Suddenly thru an opening in the trees and brush we could look out over the ocean and see Jockey Cap rock. Two or three hundred feet down a steep slope covered with mixture of ~~dead~~^{Sala/} dead hemlock limbs and uprooted trees was highway 101 about a half mile south of the tunnel.

After what seemed like a half hour of lowering ourselves through this tangle of brush sometimes almost perpendicular, we arrived at the top of a 30 foot highway cut, the surface of which was quite hard. For about 10 feet I did very well, then my slim footing gave way and the balance of the way was made too rapidly for comfort over the rough surface, however ~~no~~ *No permanent* damage was sustained. Charlie's experience was quite similar.

After the little walk along the seashore and thru the tunnel, the sight of the car was very welcome and we arrived home before a search party was organized.

Charlie Johnson led astray by

Ralph Horton, trip historian.

